THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

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EDMUND DEACON, HENRY PETERSON, } EDITORS AND PROPRIETORS.

A FAMILY NEWSPAPER: NEUTRAL IN POLITICS.

{ CLUBS—FOR TERMS TO CLUBS, SEE PROSPECTUS ON THIRD PAGE. }

DEVOTED TO MORALITY, PURE LITERATURE, FOREIGN AND DOMESTIC NEWS, AGRICULTURE, THE COMMERCIAL INTEREST, SCIENCE, ART AND AMUSEMENT.

VOLUME XXXII. | PHILADELPHIA, SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 18, 1852. | WHOLE NO. 1625.

Choice Poetry.

VIOLETS:
SENT IN A TINY BOX.

[We find these pretty verses in an English periodical, uncredited. We think they are by Mrs. E. Barrett Browning.]

Let them lie—oh, let them lie!
Plucked flowers—dead to-morrow;
Lift the lid up quietly,
As you'd lift the mystery
Of a buried sorrow.

Let them lie—the fragrant things,
All their souls thus giving;
Let no breeze's ambient wings
And no useless water-springs
Mock them into living.

They have lived—they live no more;
Nothing can requite them
For the gentle life they bore,
And up-yielded in full store
While it did delight them.

Yet, I ween, flower-souls fair!
'Twas a joyful yielding,
Like some soul heroic, rare,
That leaps bodiless forth in air
For its loved one's shielding.

Surely, ye were glad to die
In the hand that slew ye,
Glad to leave the open sky,
And the airs that wandered by,
And the bees that knew ye;

Giving up a small earth-place
And a day of blooming,
Here to lie in narrow space,
Smiling in this smileless face
With such sweet perfuming.

Oh, ye little violets dead!
Coffined from all gazes,
We will also smile, and shed
Out of heart-flowers withered,
Perfume of sweet praises.

And so ye, for this poor sake,
Love with life are buying.
So, I doubt not, One will make
All our gathered flowers to take
Richer scent through dying.

Original Novelet.

THE CURSE OF CLIFTON.
A TALE OF
EXPIATION AND REDEMPTION

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST,
BY MRS. EMMA D. E. N. SOUTHWORTH,
AUTHOR OF "THE DESERTED WIFE," "VIRGINIA AND MAGDALENE," "SHANNONDALE," "THE DISCARDED DAUGHTER,"
ETC., ETC., ETC.

[Entered according to the Act of Congress, by Deacon & Peterson, in the Clerk's Office of the District Court for the Eastern District of Pennsylvania.]

CHAPTER XIV.
THE DISCIPLINE OF AFFLICTION.

[illegible]

and, uttering a long, low cry of despair, sunk back insensible upon her pillow.

Old Darkey flew from the chair to the patient, and from the patient to the bell, in great trepidation—ringing peals that brought all the household hurrying in alarm to the room. Old Mr. Clifton, being nearest at hand, arrived first. And when he saw and understood what had happened, he seized the hand-glass, and threw it out of the window, and laid hold of the heavy toilet mirror, and sent it flying after. Then he drove old Darkey from the room, forbidding her, for a stupid and dangerous maniac, ever to show her face there again. And all this time, Catherine, who had entered so quietly that no one saw or heard her, was silently trying to restore the swooning girl. As Carolyn, with a deep sigh, opened her eyes, Kate motioned for every one to leave the chamber. And all noiselessly withdrew. Carolyn shivered and shuddered several times, as she raised her eyes appealingly, despairingly to Catherine, who was bending tenderly over her. Catherine thought it best to answer that silent appeal by speaking at once to the point.

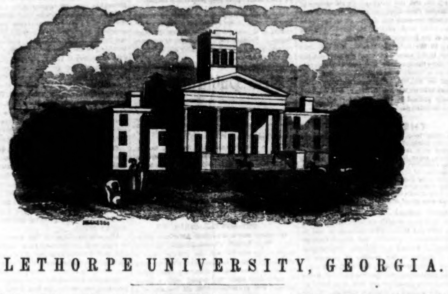
"My dear Miss Clifton, you must not think that your face will continue to look anything like it does now, for it will not, indeed. For though it is very much discolored, it is not much pitted, and the discoloration will wear off in a few days. And as for your hair, Miss Clifton, that will grow out very soon, and be even more beautiful and luxuriant than before, on account of the renewal of the skin—so, dear lady, take comfort and do not look in the glass again until you are better." And all this time that Catherine spoke in this gentle manner, she was bathing the girl's face and hands with bay water, and her tender touch was even more soothing than the sedative liquid. Catherine was almost impelled to say—"Have patience—bow to the will of God, and try to learn the lesson He intends to teach in this." But she felt the hour had not come for speaking such words. That she herself must have patience and wait for the time when she might minister to her spiritual need.

Up to this period, Miss Clifton did not know who her nurse was. She had heard her called "My dear child," or "My good girl," by the physician and by her father, and they were the only visitors to the room, except old Darkey, who came to relieve the nurse at meal times, and who simply called her "Miss." And if once or twice she had heard her called Catherine—still she never imagined her to be Kate Kavanagh, but some hired attendant. And, indeed, in the languor of illness she thought nothing about it. A few days after this, however, when she had grown more composed and resigned, and while she lay watching Catherine's quiet movements through the room, she said,

"My dear, good girl—my gentle nurse—tell me your name? I do pray sometimes, and I wish to know your name that I may ask God to bless you for exposing life and health and beauty for one whom mother, and sister, and servants all deserted." Just now, for the first time, it flashed like lightning through Kate's mind that all the danger of infection was over, and that she might now thank God for preserving her from contagion. Yes! she had forgotten herself for some time past, but now her heart leaped for joy and gratitude, and she

[illegible]

Our Picture Gallery.



OGLETHORPE UNIVERSITY, GEORGIA.

This institution is situated at Medway, in Baldwin county, Georgia, being a central position, in a pleasant and healthful region, and easily accessible from all directions.—The spot is elevated, on a ridge lying East and West, two miles and a half South of Milledgeville, and ending at the bluff on Oconee River, on which are the ruins of old Fort Wilkinson. The foundation of the edifice is on a level with the top of the cupola of the State House; and the view is extensive on every side, embracing an undulating surface of twenty miles round, including Milledgeville.

The erection of the principal building was begun in 1836, and completed in 1838. It is of brick, two stories high, with a basement, in the Doric style; and being painted white, and of great extent, makes a striking appearance.—The chapel occupies the centre, forty-eight feet by sixty, with a colonnade and vestibule. The wings are each thirty feet in front, and three stories high, with professors' and recitation rooms, while other rooms are appropriated to the library, museum, apparatus, &c. Two ranges of small buildings stand at some distance on each side, each building containing two students' rooms; while the house of the President stands on the South side of the campus.

The institution went into operation in January, 1838, with six professors; and the first class was graduated in 1839. It is under the direction of the Presbyterian Synod of South Carolina and Georgia, but its advantages are free to all. There are two sessions in the year.

Oglethorpe University owes its origin to two manual labor schools, under the Education Society of Georgia. That association was dissolved, and in 1835, the trustees of the Medway Seminary, which was one of those institutions, offered it to the Hopewell Presbytery, who received it, and soon constituted it a college, under their government and control, with a charter from the Legislature. That charter forbids any shop to be opened, within a mile and a half of the institution, on penalty of five hundred dollars fine; while deeds of University lots provide for the forfeiture to it of lots on which such shops may stand. This feature has since been introduced into other charters, and has doubtless prevented many of the evils to which such literary institutions are always liable.

the society of the admirable Mrs. Clifton—these formed the externals, the body of her happiness; but the interior, the soul of her joy, was that there was the home of Archer Clifton—the place pervaded by his spirit! redolent of him! But all these must be abandoned! They might have affinity for her nature, but they did not belong to her lot in life. And see what they had brought her to! Even to an insane passion for her benefactor! And now it was high time she had come to her senses and self-recollection. She was a poor girl, of the humblest birth—born in poverty and destined to poverty. She must leave off spending even-

[illegible]

horrible Savages!" he cried, throwing himself into a chair.

"There—there has been some fighting! Is ———— Tell me!—tell me! You know what I want to know. Is Archer safe?" exclaimed Carolyn, bending forward. While, sallow and fierce, the eyes of Georgia gleamed the terror and anxiety she dared not express!

"Archer is safe!" said Mr. Clifton.

And the light of a sudden joy flitted across Georgia's dark face,—and Carolyn sank back, with a look of grateful relief. And no one noticed Zuleime. And no one knew that she had spoken.

[illegible]

burning, horrible stare, upon the distance, as though the vision of the ghastly spectacle that had been conjured up before her imagination, followed her wherever she was turned.

They took her up stairs, undressed and put her to bed. All night long she lay in the same state.

In the morning there was no change, except that the muscles of the face had fallen, the cheeks sunken, the chin dropped, and that concentrated, intense gaze into vacancy, was more burning bright than ever. It was as though a burning soul was consuming the unconscious flesh to death. Or as if a body were turning

[illegible]

I hope that judgment will dictate your reply. You will remember that I, too, had something to complain of in the fact that my affianced bride, or one that I considered such, should have been so ill guided, or so illy guided herself, as to suffer her affections to fall into this entanglement. But we will say no more about it now, for I see Mrs. Clifton about to enter."

Georgia entered indeed, smiling.

Old Mr. Clifton seized the opportunity, and while Major Cabell was paying his devoirs to the beauty, excused himself, and left the room to go and see how Zuleime was getting on, and to reassure her if necessary.

As soon as he had left the room, Georgia drew Major Cabell off to a distant sofa. And they sat down and entered upon a long, confidential conversation. And when it was ended, they arose and separated with looks of great satisfaction.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

Selected Articles.

LORD BYRON.

One day last week, stimulated by a piscatorial impulse which we could not restrain, we induced a friend, who owns as fine a pinnace as ever a man-of-war could boast, to take us to the New Jersey kills opposite Staten Island. The day appeared to be in all respects propitious; we were well provided with bait; we had no ladies on board to frighten the finny tribe by their never-to-be-controlled gabble and laughter (we beg pardon of the sex)—but for some mysterious reason, the fish refused to bite. As a compensation, however, for the absence of the desired sport, an enjoyment of an unexpected character was reserved for us. Our boat was under the management and guidance of an old pensioner of the "Sailor's Snug Harbor," named William Girdham. Girdham, who is the son of an English sailing master who fell at Trafalgar, served himself, for many years, in the British Navy. In the year 1810 he was a seaman attached to the "Salsette" frigate, Captain Bathurst, on board of which Lord Byron embarked at Smyrna, on the 11th April, in that year, and in which he remained as a guest, except when on shore at Constantinople, until he was landed at the island of Zea, toward the end of the succeeding July. Girdham, being all this time cockswain of the captain's gig, and always accompanying Lord Byron in his frequent excursions upon the water, had abundant opportunities of observing the peculiarities of the noble poet.

When Lord Byron and Lieutenant Ekenhead performed the feat of swimming from Sestos to Abydos, Girdham steered the boat which followed them. According to his statement, three or four times before they reached their destination, Byron swam up to the boat, and holding on to the side for a minute or two, took some refreshment to strengthen him. Ekenhead, he asserted, was much the better swimmer of the two; that is to say, he swam faster and more gracefully; but Byron had immense power of endurance. When they reached the opposite shore, neither of them seemed to be exhausted. The poet, in particular, appeared to be as fresh as when he started.

It was Byron's habit, while at Constantinople, to swim early every morning in the Bosphorus. Upon these occasions, Girdham represents himself to have been his only companion. He rowed him out daily at six o'clock to a particular spot. His lordship, who always provided himself with a couple of eggs and a few biscuits, would, after undressing himself, toss one of the eggs into the air with all his strength.—Then, noticing where it struck the water, he would dive after it and bring it up from the bottom. This proceeding he would repeat with the other egg, and afterward dress himself, eat his biscuits, and return to town.

We questioned Girdham in reference to Byron's lameness. He informed us that his recollection was very distinct upon the subject. The heel of one of the poet's boots was from three-eighths to one-half of an inch higher than the other, and the toes of the foot to which it belonged he turned in while walking. His inequality of gait was, however, so slight, that a person might be some time in his company before perceiving it at all. Girdham's impression was that the left foot was the imperfect one. In this statement he disagrees with Moore. The biographer says in a note, "In speaking of this lameness at the commencement of my work, I forbore, both from my own doubts on the subject and the great variance I found in the recollection of others, from stating in which of his feet the lameness existed. It will, indeed, with difficulty be believed what uncertainty I found upon this point, even among those most intimate with him. Mr. Hunt, in his book, states it to have been the left foot that was deformed, and this, though contrary to my own impression, and as it appears also to the fact, was the opinion I found also of others who had been much in the habit of living with him. On applying to his early friends at Southwell, and to the shoemaker of that town who worked for him, so little prepared were they to answer with any certainty on the subject, that it was only by recollecting that the lame foot 'was the off one in going up the street,' they at last came to the conclusion that his right limb was the one affected; and Mr. Jackson, his preceptor in pugilism, was, in like manner, obliged to call to mind whether his noble pupil was a right or left hand hitter before he could arrive at the same decision." And yet, we are very far from being convinced that Mr. Moore's conclusion is the correct one. An English gentleman well known to the literary community, assures us that his own recollection is in accordance with the statement of our friend Girdham. Although a mere youth at the time, our informant was well acquainted with his lordship—so well, in fact, that he was playfully called by him "little devil," and at one time it was suggested that he should accompany him abroad. He had frequent opportunities to notice Byron's lameness, and upon a certain occasion, when they were together at a fashionable hatter's in Cheapside, his attention was particularly attracted to it.—When he came in, the poet was seated before a table with his feet crossed under it. The boy (for boy he was) after a few minutes, being somewhat piqued because Byron had not interrupted the conversation in which he was engaged to be civil to him, withdrew to the other side of the shop. Standing there, leaning against the counter, in the absence of anything better to do, he occupied himself in watching his lordship's feet. He satisfied his own mind then, that the lame foot was the left one—and that there might be no mistake upon the subject, while mentioning this incident to us he placed himself before a table in precisely the same position in which he recollected that Byron was seated, and in this way confirmed his impression.

Girdham is, therefore, very probably after all not in error. He noticed that Byron, when in the water, was almost powerless in one leg. His attention was so frequently called to this circumstance, that he is confident of the accuracy of his recollection as to which was the imperfect limb.

At this period of his life, Byron appeared to be much older than he really was. He was born on the 22nd January, 1788, and consequently in May, 1810, was a little more than two-and-twenty. And yet, to the eyes of our informant, he then looked at least thirty. He was already quite corpulent. His shoulders were broad, and his waist small. When undressed, however, his limbs appeared less muscular than one would have expected to find them.

His manners were affable, communicative, and joyous. He was a great favorite with the sailors, both on account of his liberality and the frankness of his intercourse with them. Hobhouse, who was of the party, and whose bearing was more dignified and aristocratic, was less liked.

Byron's dress upon ordinary occasions was exceedingly plain and unpretending. He had an English love for soap and water, and was always scrupulously neat in his person. When on board the frigate, he spent most of his mornings in the captain's cabin, reading and writing.

Upon the plain of Troy, Girdham remained three days with the poet. On their return to the water's edge, there was some delay about the boat. Lord Byron directed Girdham to bring him his writing-desk, which, when he received it, he placed upon his knee, and before the party were ready to embark, he had "covered a sheet of paper with verses."

Upon another occasion, Girdham was sent with a boat from Scutari, where Lord Byron and Captain Bathurst happened to be, to get some casks of wine. On its return the boat was upset, and the casks floated off. Byron's anxiety was all for the man, the captain's for the wine—probably because he knew that the man was in no danger. Fortunately, however, no damage happened to either.

When Byron was landed at the island of Zea, he went ashore with a kid under each arm, followed by his Albanian body-guard.

We urged the narrator to relate to us some anecdotes of the noble poet which might more pointedly illustrate his character and habits at the time. But unluckily he was unable, after the intervention of so many years, to recall any more particular circumstances.

It is proper that we should add that having visited that part of the world ourselves, and being tolerably familiar with its topography, we were enabled to confirm, in our own mind, the accuracy of Girdham's descriptions. His recollections of the poet were given with but few leading questions on our part, and there was an air of truth about his whole manner which produced the conviction that he was drawing upon his memory, and not upon his imagination. We remember that we asked him, for our own information, the meaning of the word "Salsette," the name of Captain Bathurst's frigate. He replied that it is the name of an island near Bombay—that he was at Bombay himself with the frigate, and that he sailed in her in all ten years. In 1815, disgusted with the smallness of a pension which his sisters were in the receipt of from the Government, he left the service. Since then he has been engaged in merchant vessels, belonging principally, to Philadelphia and this port, until laid upon the shelf by age. He is now some seventy years old, and a fine specimen of an intelligent veteran tar. Any one who has the curiosity to hear from his own lips the above more circumstantially than we have related it, can be gratified by calling for him at the "Sailor's Snug Harbor," near Port Richmond, Staten Island.—*Harpers' Magazine.*

NUMBERS OF A FLOCK OF PIGEONS.—A recently published work on Natural History estimates that a flock of pigeons which passed for hours together, above gun-shot, but distinctly in sight, must have extended to a length of two hundred and forty miles, and that the number composing it must have amounted to 2,230,272,000 pigeons. Allowing each pigeon only half a pint of food daily, the vast family would require 17,424,000 bushels daily. These statements, extraordinary as they may appear, are confirmed by Mr. Audubon, the ornithologist, who had the fullest opportunity of ascertaining their truth.

☞ The greatest truths are the simplest, so are the greatest men and women.

Miscellaneous.

OUR HONORABLE FRIEND.

Our honorable friend delivers a prediction, in the same document, that the foreign minions of a faction will never hold up their heads any more; and that the finger of scorn will point at them in their dejected state, through countless ages of time. Further, that the hireling tools that would destroy the sacred bulwarks of our nationality are unworthy of the name of Englishmen; and that so long as the sea shall roll around our ocean-girded isle, so long his motto shall be, No surrender. Certain dogged persons of low principles and no intellect, have disputed whether any body knows who the minions are, or what the faction is, or which are the hireling tools and which the sacred bulwarks, or what it is that is never to be surrendered, and if not, why not. But, our honorable friend, the member for Verbosity, knows all about it.

It was in repelling this most objectionable and indecent opposition, that our honorable friend displayed his highest qualifications for the representation of Verbosity. His warmest supporters present, and those who were best acquainted with his generalship, supposed that the moment was come when he would fall back upon the sacred bulwarks of our nationality.— No such thing. He replied thus: "My good friend Tipkisson, gentlemen, wishes to know what I mean when he asks me what we are driving at, and when I candidly tell him, at the illimitable perspective, he wishes (if I understand him) to know what I mean?" "I do!" says Tipkisson, amid cries of "Shame" and "Down with him." "Gentlemen," says our honorable friend, "I will indulge my good friend Tipkisson, by telling him, both what I mean and what I don't mean (cheers and cries of 'Give it him!') Be it known to him then, and to all whom it may concern, that I do mean altars, hearths and homes, and that I don't mean mosques and Mahommedanism!"

SATURDAY
EVENING POST.

HENRY PETERSON, EDITOR.

PHILADELPHIA:
SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 18, 1852.

ALL THE CONTENTS OF THE POST ARE SET UP EXPRESSLY FOR IT, AND IT ALONE. IT IS NOT A WEEKLY REPRINT OF A DAILY PAPER.

TERMS, &c.

The terms of the POST are $2, if paid in advance—$3, if not paid in advance. For $5 in advance, one copy is sent three years. We continue the following low terms to Clubs, to be sent, in the city, to one address, and in the country to one Post Office:

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13 "	(and one to Agent, or the getter up of the Club,)	$15 00 "
20 "	(and one to Agent, or the getter up of the Club,)	$20 00 "

THE LATE EXPLOSION.

A full and apparently fair investigation of the cause of the explosion on the steamboat Belvidere, leaves little doubt that it was owing to a defect in the iron of the return flues. This defect, it appears, could have been discovered by the Inspector, if he had taken the pains to scrape the outside of the defective part.

New Publications.

ANGLO-AMERICAN LITERATURE AND MANNERS: From the French of Philarète Chasles, Professor in the College of France. New York: Charles Scribner, 145 Nassau Street. For sale by A. Hart, late Carey & Hart, Philadelphia.

This is a book well worth reading, and no doubt it will be read extensively, for Americans love to see all that is said about them by foreigners of any note. M. Chasles appears to be an intelligent and well-informed man, and his remarks upon American matters often have a freshness and vivacity that make them decidedly entertaining. He thus gives his opinion of

THE LOWELL GIRLS.

We come now to a piquant American curiosity. The Lowell (Massachusetts) factories employ only women, and the price of labor is sufficiently high to enable them, after the task is done to retire to their chambers, read, write, or issue into open air, armed with a green parasol, and promenade with all the airs of a Duchess, to the intense amazement of English travellers.

The explanation is simple. Working America needs her arms until her day of physical labor shall have passed; it is physical labor which repays her, her intellectual toil is merely factitious. It is true, she possesses Colleges and Universities which strongly resemble the paste-board decorations which Prince Potemkin showed to his Empress. We will give one example: An American collection, with some pretensions to erudition, makes the plural of *dives* not *divites*, but *dives*, "the *divesses* of our land."

Why should Miss Martineau be astonished that the demoiselles of Lowell take certain airs? They are princesses; their blazon is that of their country, a steamboat and a spinning-jenny.

The Old World, in spite of its democratic bearings, differs from Young America. It owes the intellectual culture and the exquisite delicacy of women to the ineffaceable traces of its ancient institutions, mixtures of vice and greatness, light and shade, incomplete, irregular, and often evil, as all that is human is. To-day, the American institutions which repulse chivalry and encourage personal interest, produce contrary effects.

After all, the future of this novice nation is so vast, and its situation so evidently transitory, that it would be unjust to believe all that the British travellers say.

The following explanation of the cant political term, "Pipe-Laying," shows that M. Chasles has not escaped being shamefully hoaxed, the usual fate of European travellers in America:—

PIPE-LAYING.

Votes are often bought, and there are slang terms appropriated to this political jockeyism —*pipe-laying*, for example. The elector and the corrupter sit down together in a tavern, the former smoking a *pipe*. The other offers for it six, ten, twenty dollars. As long as it rests between the voter's lips, he is virtuous; when he *lays it down*, he is sold.

BISHOP BUTLER'S ANALOGY OF RELIGION, NATURAL AND REVEALED, TO THE CONSTITUTION AND COURSE OF NATURE. New York: Harper & Brothers. For sale by Lindsay & Blakiston, Philadelphia.

A new edition of this most ably argued work —which shows the analogy between the Scriptural doctrine of rewards and punishments, and that condition of things in the midst of which at present we exist. Attached to the Analogy, is a life of the wise and good author, who once declared to his under-Secretary:—"I should feel ashamed of myself, if I could leave ten thousand pounds behind me." In this he kept his word; he died worth but little over nine thousand—about half his annual income.

CECILIA; OR, THE MEMOIRS OF AN HEIRESS. By Miss BURNEY, author of "Evelina," &c. New York: Bunce & Brother. For sale by T. B. Peterson, Philadelphia.

We are pleased to see this republication of Miss Burney's works. She acquired a high reputation in her day for her accurate portraitures of life and society, and her novels must be new to the great majority of the generation now upon the stage of existence.

MERVYN CLITHEROE. By W. HARRISON AINSWORTH, Author of "Windsor Castle," &c. New York: H. Long & Brother. For sale by T. B. Peterson, No. 98 Chesnut Street, Philadelphia.

A serial work after the manner of David Copperfield, differing, of course, according to the different capabilities of the authors.

Original Letter.

NOTES OF TRAVEL.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

Carlisle—Entrance into Scotland—The Route to Ayr—The Home of Burns—Scots and Scotch Whiskey.

ENGLAND, 8TH MO., 1852.

Whoever has enjoyed a ramble of three or four days, through a country rich in all that Nature and her sometimes co-worker, Man, can give of beauty, and then plunged into one of those piles of brick or stone, first-cousins to a prison, called cities, may form a conception of my feelings, when projected by railway into the old city of Carlisle. The half-ecstasy which Cumberland's lakes and mountains aroused, and the deep, quiet enjoyment, which far outleaped my expectation, ...

I shall not soon forget the quaint town of old Cumnock, where we left the train and commenced the tramp on foot. Of the inhabitants we saw little. They are all engaged in making snuff-boxes, and we scarcely met enough to direct us through the narrow crooked streets to the highway. When we found it we turned our backs upon the antique town, with its thick thatched roofs, and travelled cheerily along a road smooth as a gravelled garden walk, with an equally good foot path at the side.

Miscellaneous.

General News.

SATURDAY EVENING POST.

PHILADELPHIA:

SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 10, 1853.

SATURDAY EVENING POST

STEAM-POWER PRESS AND JOB PRINTING OFFICE,

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Where Books, Pamphlets, Hand Bills, Way Bills, Circulars, Cards, Bill Heads, &c., are printed with despatch, in the neatest manner, and on the most reasonable terms.

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OUR NOVELETS.

THE CURSE OF CLIFTON,

A TALE OF DUELLING AND REVENGE.

BY MRS. SOUTHWORTH.

Author of "The Discarded Wife," "Shannondale," "The Discarded Daughter," &c.

At the conclusion of "The Curse of Clifton," we shall give the Sequel to This—

CLARA MORELAND,

BY MRS. SOUTHWORTH,

Author of "Prairie Flower," "Rosalie of the Conge," &c.

In addition to the above works of fiction, we shall not neglect the usual assortment of Miscellaneous matter, which is supposed to be a great deal of the amusing matter that appears in the Press exclusively, together with the Current Events of the Day, Domestic Intelligence, Markets, News, Gems and even Romances, &c., &c.—Embodying as much reasonable matter as to add to the variety and interest of our columns, to make them worthy of a first class paper, and of good circulation.

General News.

FOREIGN NEWS.

The Austrian Lloyds contradicts the statement that Kossuta had been seized and died in Fortress of Kuzzela.

Marshal Haynau had been threatened with personal violence at Brussels. The military were called out, and a number of the rioters in custody. The assailants treated with contempt.

The agricultural prospects of Scotland are highly favorable, and generally so throughout England.

Recently, the historian's health is so feeble, that it is thought he will not be able to take his seat in the new Parliament, to which he has been elected by Sunderland.

The series of religious fetes at Combral that were begun on the 15th of August, in honor of the restoration of the statue of the Virgin Mary, continue to draw vast crowds to that place. Hundred even the guide of the town for four cents.

The Duke of Wellington, Lord Aberdeen, Sir James Graham, Hon. Mr. Spencer, latter known as "Jack Spencer," and Lord Lyndhurst, are the only of Pitt's colleagues left in the cabinet of the conservative, persuasion, &c. The Whigs have it all their own way in Scotland, largely in the history of the town. This restored statue is the identical one which was first erected in the 15th and thirteenth centuries, and among other feats, vanished from its place for a few years when the town was besieged. A miraculous portrait of the Virgin Mary, painted by St. Luke, was of the same time solemnly placed in the Church.

The director of police, at Bologna, has ordered that every stranger who arrives in that city shall have his or her conduct registered in a book to be kept for the purpose, and that any change a servant or hire a new one without giving three days notice to the Police.

Anabaptists are forbidden to preach or meet for worship within the limits of the Austrian particular pale of impenetrance.

London Gallantry.—A case of a fall of seed (*remember Senate*) that occurred on the 7th, at the docks of Bury. The seed was in the act of the sail beneath the grant it struck root. The day was very hot, and the thunder and lightning, the wind blowing from West to East. A shower of rain fell, which is said to be a rare occurrence in the Riesengebirge.

M. Godard, a French aeronaut, made a successful ascent in a balloon at Manchester, England, on Sunday, the 4th inst.

Mr. Gordon has invented a new life-boat, which has been successfully tested in the Metropolitan Docks. It is self-righting, self-emptying, self-ventilating, buoyant, and strengthened with air-tanks in the bottom and sides to such an extent that it will not sink when full. It is also to be right itself when upset. The boat will carry about 25 persons, and is so elastic that it cannot be stove. The inventor's object in the invention is to save life made in this fashion.

Hon. Abbott Lawrence and family are at present staying with the Duke of Rutland, at Longshaw Lodge, Derbyshire.

Liebig, the Chemist, has just been appointed Professor of Chemistry in the University of Munich, and Director of the Chemical Laboratory. The salary is 10,000 florins.

A pedestrian is at present engaged in Manchester, England, walking 100 miles in twenty-four hours. He has completed about one-fourth of the distance, and is going ahead nicely.

The London Times has an article, urging the withdrawal of the guards to the Custom and Excise establishments, thereby increasing the efficiency of the Admiralty to iron compounds.

Mr. Mackay's letter upon the subject of the Crimean Islands, has excited considerable attention in England. He says that the Russians have shown that the Islands were conveyed for the 15th day of October, and down in a map, published at Madrid, in 1745.

From the number of ships advertised for Australia, it would appear there is no falling off in the demand for either cabin or steerage. The passage likely to suit between this date and the end of September, as intended will be good reports, is estimated at little under eighty thousand tons.

Emigration is already telling disastrously upon the labor market in Ireland.

The ravages of the potato disease in Ireland appears to be more than alarming there are still some exceptions from particular localities. The potato crop generally is a complete failure, and are being rapidly harvested.

There is a great deficiency in the potato crop in the north-latitude, in consequence of the demand for harvest laborers.

General Magnan has announced in general council, that the French establishments are establishing a strong military reserve force, which, without encroaching upon the respect for the majesty of France, would enable the government to throw a large force in any direction for the immediate introduce in the public taxation.

On the 1st of August there were 123 manufactories of bee-t-root sugar in operation in France. The number manufactured this season was 74,182,929 kilogrammes.

INTERESTING IN AMERICAN AFFAIRS—The London Daily News, of the 5th inst., says:

"Another case is within the joint interference of the two leading European powers will probably be soon cancelled, is that of Mexico, and very great benefits are to be expected from commercially and politically, should the contemplated intervention of England and France effectively result. In the Daily News of the 4th inst., we have announced that the Emperor Louis Napoleon had it in contemplation to propose to the Government in England and the United States, a plan for bringing about a 5 per cent. reduction of interest in Mexico, with a view to taking that naturally magnificent country from the state of bankruptcy in which it has been reduced by a long and continued mal-administration. The plan is said to have been favorably received in both States, England, and likewise of France, and it is to be hoped that the joint efforts of the three powers will be successful. The appointment of a general Congress of the chief commercial nations of the civilized world, for the discussion of Mexican affairs."

FARMERS, COMPARE.—In 1842, there were produced in the United States 109,000,000 bushels of wheat; which, at 50 cents per bushel, for the corn; which, at 31 per bushel for the former, and 10 cents for the latter, amounted to $155,000,000. Fifteen per cent. time of the wheat crop, and twenty per cent. of the corn crop, would amount to $39,000,000. The improvements, hired and because labor, in a three of the wheat crop, and twenty per cent. of the corn crop, would amount to $39,000,000. The improvements, hired and because labor, in a three of the wheat crop, and twenty per cent. of the corn crop, would amount to $39,000,000. The appropriation of these two items would yield the sum of $78,000,000. The appropriation of these two items would yield the sum of $78,000,000. The appropriation of these two items would yield the sum of $78,000,000. In other words, the whole Navy and Army of the United States, the wheat and corn throughout the Union! - Will not the hard-working farmers think of this fact?

A GREEK EXPERIMENT.—The eclectic city of Athens, Greece, is about to have a new system of the engine and joiner work, and will go out on the new lithe about the first of November. Her manager is a native of Athens, and will go on her lithe trip about the first of November. Her manager is a native of Athens, and will go on her lithe trip about the first of November. Her manager is a native of Athens, and will go on her lithe trip

Selected Poetry.

EPITAPH ON THE LATE KING OF THE SANDWICH ISLANDS.

BY W. M. PRAED.

[This poem, it is said, was written and printed before the news of the King's death. He can no longer protest, in the spirit of a true gentleman, against the insult which is put upon his memory.—Ed. Sel.]

"His noble spread with ten and more,
Both wounded of the field and shore."—Pope.

Sir Walter Scott says that he once heard the King imagiously quote these lines of Mason's, but it is not very probable that, if he ever read Pope's "Epistle," he took much notice of so unfinished a theme as his friend's.

Behold the tombs, and of mine,
Whatever his subject-theme may be,
Gravestones or epitaphs and dust,
The blind King is fond for "morals":
Primed by ambitious and by soft,
From Lethe and regardless waves,
His lady fills the father's vault,
His chamberlain the lady's grave.

Weep not for funeral for regret and:
Heed to the moisture of his eyelashes;
With tender heart and cannot sweat,
And open purse, and open features;
The ladies say who had him not,
And natural thereby the moral possess,
They never vouchsafed a shroud or sheet,
A corpse or more quaint diamond.

He revered with half a score of sons,
And shame—by proxy—in the grave interred;
Decreed hard fights and evil reasons,
And feathered fans, and sandal-wood.
His countries were resigned and forged,
Whereby his soldiers were victorious,
And widows wept, and paupers paid,
To make their Sovereign Tailor glorious.

And days were set apart for thanks,
And prayers were said by priests (readers)
Armed was heralded on the rocks,
And loud was heralded on their leaders;
Priests are well by History's pen;
Though rumors are too much to rave for—
Fame talks about the wives and wives,
While Clio lies with her eyes closed.

In spite of his true immensity grey,
Add blindingingly many
Preparing gore-green every day,
And chosen to make his subjects fancy
And hearing the report of guns,
And signing the reports of jailers,
And making an example for fun,
And patience for the army sutlers;

And building marriages and bowls,
And crowns, and chapels, and parchins,
And regulating all the seals,
And all the principles of millions;
And drinking homilies and gin,
And cheering youth and education,
And hearing how I wrote upon him,
And looking forwards to salvation.

The people, in his happy reign,
Were blest beyond all other nations;
Unlicensed by foreign care or chain,
Unlanded by civil insurrections;
They served the usual taxes and salaries,
With all the usual rights and interest;
And swallowed all their father's lavers,
And swallowed all their fathers' errors.

When the dawn met, with clubs and knives,
It crowned that nothing should continue there,
But that their representatives
Should actually represent them:
In hempen-cord the proper checks,
By sending corner-stones and banners,
To cut short speeches, and their necks;
And bonds and bills, and other pressers.

And when Democracy flung her cues
Upon the light of Hygeia's shine,
And Destiny made Coffin's choice
As spelling as the hangman's halter:
Around a corpse thronged the Isles,
By many successors befriended,
And not yet every his wife
For her the Priest could not be bonded.

And time at last he sunk to rest
Amid the bio-sings of his people;
Again were heard from every breast
And bells were tolled from every steeple,
And loud was every public face
His brilliant character adoring,
And poets mined a mourning vein,
And sketchers raised the price of mourning.

His funeral was very grand;
Collected by many cries and moans;
And all the great ones of the land,
Struggling as barouches for places,
And every loyal Minister
Was there with copies of purse-full oratory,
Save Peary, his lord chancellor,
Who promised to attend—to-morrow.

Peace to his dust! his flattering cues
By grateful hearts shall long be cherished,
And all his subjects shall declare
That he's a grander when he perished!
They who shall look upon the land
In which a people's love hath shrined him!
Shall say, when all the rest is said,
Perhaps he leaves a worse behind him!

* In the Sandwich Islands, no greater mark of respect can be paid to the person, by the sun, than the endowing of part of the burial ground with the sacred stones are content with the prejudices.

† When a subject of the Sandwich Islands dies, each of the out-posts shares his respect for the deceased Prince, by entrusting a valuable tooth from his head.

Selected Sketch.

COUNTRY CHURCHES.

BY A. J. DOWNING.

What, among all the edifices that compose a country town or village, is that which the inhabitant should most love and reverence? Surely, the one which all admire among these, and should feel most pleasure in showing to a stranger?

We imagine the answer ready upon the lips of every one of our readers in the country, and calling at once to affirmation—"The Village Church."

And yet, are our village churches winning and attractive in their exterior and interior? Is an traveler to admire them at first sight for the beauty of their proportions, the expression of holy purpose which they embody, the feeling of harmony with God and man, which they suggest? Does one get to love the very stones of which they are composed, because they so completely belong to a building which looks as if the home of Christian worship, and stands as the type of all that is found and designed in our religious faith and affections?

Alas! to how few there are very few country churches in our land that exert this kind of spell—a spell which grows out of making stone and brick and timber the will of the living soul, and expresses a religious sentiment. Most are mere temples, meeting-houses, conventicles, sepulchres, and nothings, who have to do with the building of churches, appear, indeed, wholly to ignore the fact, that the form and features of a building may be made to express religion, civil, domestic, or a dozen other things indistinctly as the form and instance of the human face; and yet this is a fact as well known by all true architects, as that joy and sorrow, pleasure and pain, are capable of irradiating or darkening the countenance. You, and we do not say too much when we add, that right expression in a building is religious expression, and as much to do with awakening our devotional feelings, and begetting an attachment in the heart, as the unmistakable signs of virtue and benevolence in our fellow-creatures, have to awakening kindred feelings in our own breasts.

We do not, of course, mean to say, that a beautiful rural church will make all the people love one another, or that, because they have their attention directed to God, they will feel the influence that prepare the way for religious feeling, and which we are so ready to neglect as we should be to adore the world and body ourselves, like the ancient troglodytes, in caves and recesses.

To speak out the truth boldly, would be to say that the ugliest church architecture in existence, is at this moment to be found in the country towns and villages of the United States. Doubtless, the learned which might be excited in the minds of Parian sculptors, against everything that belonged to the Romish church, in building our own creed, all beauty and all taste, along with all the superstitious and error of what had become a corrupt system of religion, is a key to the bareness and baldness and absence of all that is lovely in the eye, to the primitive churches of New England—which are, for the most part, the type churches of all America.

But, little by little, this ultra-puritanical spirit is wearing off. We are not now so blind, led by puritanical feelings against great spiritual wrongs, as to identify forever all that blessed house of harmony, grace, proportion, symmetry and expression, which make what we call beauty, with the vices, either real or supposed, of any particular creed. In short, as a people, our eyes are opening to the perception of holiness that are good, beautiful and wor-

thy to the soul, in all ages and all countries—and we regard the churches of the Middle Ages of artist and beauty, by which to estimate the present.

The first step which we have taken to show this change, is in the Gothic revival of church architecture. In a kind of healthy imitation of Greek temples, we have long since had enough. This has been the case throughout the whole country of that name, of the Northern States, for the past fifteen or twenty years. The form of the Greek temple, as applied to churches, is long one of wisdom, square or round-headed windows, with a flat roof, and a portico in front; a clumsy portico of Doric or Ionic columns in front, and a cupola upon the top, (usually about the size of a pigeon house) which is called a steeple—that directly over the pulpit, or perhaps, sometimes on the roof of the vestry of meeting-house, and which, in a few cases, is the real church of the country at large.

Now, unfortunately, we ought not to complain that these churches are ill. And by attribute, we mean no sarcasm, sectarian phrase—but a plain statement of fact. Indeed, the majority of the congregations seem to have felt this, and contented themselves with calling them "conventicles" if they would go a step further, and turn them into town meeting-houses, or at least round, in fulness, only house and edifice for town meetings, or other civil purposes, the building and its purposes would be in good keeping, and one with the other.

Not to appear presumptive and partial in our criticism, let us glance for a moment at the opposite extremes of the Gothic or pointed and the Gothic or pointed styles of architecture—as to what they really mean; for of one does most not suppose that all architects are men who merely put together certain pretty lines and ornaments, in order to be agreeable, and please the popular eye.

In these two styles, which have so taken root that they are employed at the present moment, all over Europe and America, there is something more than a mere conventional assortment of doors and windows; the application of ornament to the one, and the introduction of pointed arches to the other. In other words, there is an intrinsic meaning or expression involved in each, which, not to go fundamentally to understand, it is to be nothing but ignorant or untrue, and insulting to the church.

The leading idea of the Greek architecture, then, is in its horizontal lines—the unbroken level of its cornice, which is the "*land line of rationality.*" In this line, in the regular divisions of spaces, both of columns and windows, we find the elements of order, and hence of reason, fully and completely expressed. Hence the forms of classical architecture for the service of the State, for the Town Hall, the Legislative Assembly, the Lecture-Room, for Institutional or scientific debate; and, in short, in all civil purposes, where the reason of man is expressed. So, on the other hand, the leading idea of Gothic architecture is found in the vertical line—its aspiring tendencies. No weight of long continuance, or fair endings, can keep down upward, higher and higher, it soars, lifting everything, even hearty, ponderous stones, pulling them in the air in reached endings, or piling them upwards towards heaven, in spires, and steeples, and turrets that, in so great embellies, almost seem to pierce the sky. It must be a dull soul that does not catch and feel something of this upward tendency in the vaulted aisles and high, open, pointed roofs of the interior of a fine Gothic church, as well as its subdued and mellow light, and its suggestive and beautiful forms; forms, too, that are rendered more interesting by their association with Christian worship in so many acts, and, like the Greek edifices, by associations with heathen devotees.

Granting that the Gothic cathedral expresses, in its lofty, aspiring lines, the spirit of that true faith and devotion which leads us to look upward, is it possible that the narrow compass of a village church, which soon may be hundred or so, at most, a few thousand dollars, to preserve this idea?

We answer, yes. A crop of water is not the same, but it is still a type of its fullness; and a few words of wisdom may not penetrate the understanding so deeply as a great volume by a master of the human heart, but they may work miracles, if fitly spoken. For it is not the magnitude of things that is the measure of their excellence of power; and there is space enough for the architect to awaken devotional feelings, and the good spirit of prayer, in a sacred form one aid in doing this, though in a less degree, in the little chapel that is to hold a few hundred, as in the mighty minster where thousands may assemble.

And the one, we shall not be greater; that is, if a substantial building is to be erected, and not a flimsy frame of boards and plaster. Indeed, we would quote numberless instances where the mean expended in classical buildings, of false proportions but costly materials, and which can never raise other than emotions of pride in the human heart, would have built beautiful rural churches, which every inhabitant of the town where they chanced to stand, would regard with feelings of love and affection, a monument, with thanksgiving and prayer, to the end of all time.

And, in truth, we would not desire to make the country church other than simple, truthful, and harmonious. We would avoid all pretension to splendor, all unnecessary ornament; we would depend upon the right proportions, coloring, outline, and the true expression. Above all, we would have the country church rural and expressive, by planting it in a spot of green lawn, surrounded it with overhanging forest or shade trees, and decorating its walls (for no church look is any but the meanest architecture where moss are timely wanting, should be built at so perishable a material as wood,) with climbing plants—the vine, for instance, that with the Virginia creeper. And we would make the country church, in the very forms and outlines, its walls, and the vines that surround them, its shady grove, and the ideas that would naturally be call up in the hearts of goodness and piety that emanate from its pulpit, sound loud to the ear and sight of the listeners, and touch and better the hearts of the whole country about it.

* We have seen with pain, lately, one of these great churches, a half a mile, or more, out of Boston, Salem, at a cost of twenty thousand dollars. It looked, outside and inside, no more like a church than does the Custom House. And yet this one would have had the most important effect of devotional effects to the congregation.

ARRIVAL OF WINDHAM.—When the famous Windham,—a statesman even in these days of world making memories, and consequently of gathered together confidence from such Burkes as Pitt, Fox, Sheridan, and others of the tables—an orator distinguished for the purity of his eloquence as for the majestic grace of his delivery, and a gentleman in the broadest and high spirited, as he have sacred from the inmost lips of Burke himself, the epithet of "the chivalrous Windham"—when this gallant politician was one evening walking homeward along Parliament Street, from the transaction of an ovation and the victory of a division, his progress was arrested by a crowd of people, in which a gigantic coal-heaver was belaboring a less dog-horse committed to his charge. In vain Windham remonstrated with the big ox-driver, confident in his towering size and brute strength, mocked the well-dressed gentleman who expostulated, with the same treatment. At length, the spectacle of a man insulted in his person, and to his face, was too much for the Irishman's blood, and he struck out his fist with such force that he knocked down the coal-heaver. The latter, astonished at the unexpected resistance, rose, and, with a volley of oaths, challenged his opponent to fight. Windham, who was accustomed to the use of the fist, accepted the challenge, and, throwing off his coat, commenced the combat. The coal-heaver, who was a powerful man, and had been a prize-fighter, soon found that he had met his match, and, after a few rounds, declared himself satisfied. Windham, who had received no injury, and who was delighted with the result of the combat, shook hands with his antagonist, and, resuming his coat, walked off, amid the cheers of the crowd, to his lodgings.

Wit and Humor.

APPRAISING DAMAGES.

A neighbor of mine, on rising early one morning a few days since, found a cow of his had escaped and pulled up his bean, trampled his corn, released his hens, and eaten a half-peck of his potatoes. Of course, he was angry. He called a meeting of the neighbors, and they appointed three men to appraise the damage done by the trespass. I was one of the appraisers, and I felt a responsible position to be in. The owner of the cow, and the owner of the corn, were present, and I knew that the damage done by a negligent creature is to be estimated by the owner of the corn. The owner of the cow, with grave dignity called to his judicial presence, and with great earnestness of the damage examined. He first visited the bean field.

"This looks bad," said the judge; "one hundred hills rooted up, and many of the vines turned up, and some of the beans broken into the earth—besides, it is no very prepossessing to have a stranger's cow in one's field. Gentlemen, what do you say?" They who replied to assess their estimate, and they appointed to the corn field. They soon came to the damage done by the cow, especially violent with regard to potatoes. "Ah!" said the judge, "I should be sworn more than the damage."

"But," said the judge, "I have to recommend a cow of such capacity of improbability, "I think the real damage will not prove so great as it now appears. With a little care, many of the plants may be righted, and you will get quite a fair crop yet, if your neighbors will make you whole, I think, for the damage to the cow."

"Well," said our neighbor, "if that is your judgment, I am satisfied; I have agreed that your judgment be mine, and will abide your decision; but there is the meat and potatoes, I suppose you will allow me compensation for them?"

"Yes," said the judge, "the meat but a mere trifle, and the potatoes will soon be worth the money. If a half-pint of meat was eaten by the cow, it was worth ten cents, and I should be inclined to allow that amount for the trouble."

"Very good," replied our neighbor, "I will say nothing about the potatoes, if the owner will settle for the meat and take care of his cow in future to prevent trespass." The owner of the cow assented to the decision, and thanked the judge for his services, and departed.

The judgment was recorded, and the judge and the neighbors, after a social glass, went to their homes.

I leave the miscellaneous animal in my turn, and will thank you to stand by the gate and cut out to me to start her home. I suppose the owner of the cow will settle her own, and will not think of looking for her in my barn."

The judge took his position as requested, and our neighbor released the cow and turned her toward the gate. The judge looked at the cow with wonder and blank indifference, "Why, is this your cow?" He was too full for utterance. He left the cow pass through and he walked silently after her.—*Pleasanton Observer.*

MR. VAN BUREN'S NON-COMMITTALISM.—Coming down on the upper deck of an Albany steamer the day, many years ago, a party of gentlemen, as the best secret Kinderhook-Landing, were discussing the merits of Martin Van Buren, who then occupied the second chair, and while they were discussing the question, the boat landed, and in ! Mr. Van Buren himself came on board. One of the party had been dwelling upon his non-committalism, and thinking that "a plain answer to a plain question was never yet elicited from one of the party" (I wager should account on one occasion at an Indian "talk," when a man who had the reputation of whiskey; as old Elias who was sitting by, fixed his eye on the barrel, and after looking earnestly for some time, said, "I don't see how you have in that barrel. He said it was whiskey, he promised. "Ugh," said the Indian, "*I don't see how a thousand songs and fifty Aykes in that barrel !*"

Selected Articles.

THE BAD OLD TIMES AND THE GOOD NEW TIMES.

Let those who are prone to preach of the superior morality of the good old times, consider the state of society depicted in the following extract from a letter written by Mrs. Francis Place, who for more than half a century had been an acute and careful observer of the condition and conduct of the working people of London, in giving evidence before a Parliamentary Committee. The contrast between inquiry into the state of the existence of the people in England and Wales, here made and the existing testimony to the moral and habits and manners of the age. Scenes and events which, as described by Mrs. Place, are almost incredible occurrences when he was an apprentice, were then of every day occurrence, and, in fact, have wholly ceased. Speaking of the habits of tradesmen and masters, Mr. Place said:

"The conduct of such persons was formerly exceedingly gross as compared with the same class of persons now. Decency was a very different thing from what it is now—their wives were such as scarcely to be credited. I remember, when a boy of ten years of age, being at a party of tradesmen, entertained at a respectable tradesman's house, and the house was in the Strand, where songs were sung which cannot now be more than described for their indecency, and if they were sung in the field till night all, should have it in the afternoon; and I presume it is no new idea to farmers' wives generally, that their children's manners are materially affected by a personal attendance to the education of their children. The editor of the *Louisville Journal* since 1831; may be live in the same house with a family of boys, and hear their songs; he has been present at the dinner table of tradesmen, on a clergyman, is forty-two. Thackeray, born at Calcutta, is forty-one.

THE ART OF WALKING.—In a graceful human step the body is thrown forward, the head is lifted from the ground, as if the foot were part of the body supported by the muscles of the calf of the leg, rests for the time on the fore part of the foot and toes, and then on a bending of the foot to a certain degree. But when strong shoes are worn, the case is quite altered; the foot will not yield and allow this bending of the foot, the heel is not raised at all until the whole foot rests on the ground, consequently the toes are scarcely used, and, in consequence, soon lose their power of assisting in walking. Hence the English farm-servants wear heavy, stiff shoes; and in London it is a striking thing to see how the shoemakers are filled with the most persons in the upper part, but with legs and feet of the ordinary proportions, while the whole is almost awkward and unmanly. The brothers of those men, who are otherwise employed, have the whole of what a gift of nature, for the sake of a trifling saving, fair to be destroyed. The remedy for the evil in this kind is seen in Paris. There, as the streets have few or no side pavements, and the ladies have to walk almost entirely in the road, the great action of the muscles of the calf has given an extraordinary size to the leg, and the foot which the Parisian belles proudly challenge all the world—not sense probably, that it is a delicate limb of which the proximity of their form is in part owing.

MANUFACTURE OF LACE.—The spinning of the thread used in lace-making is done by the shepherds, in an operation demanding a high degree of minute care and vigilant attention, that it is impossible it can ever be done by human hands by machinery. None but Belgium can produce the finest lace. The finest sort of this thread is made in Brussels, in long underground cellars; for it is an established fact that it is of great use to be in contact with the dry air above ground, and it is found that the thread spun when moist, and kept in a humid subterraneous atmosphere. There are numbers of old Belgian thread-makers, who, like the Brussels, possess the best part of their live spinning in cellars. But most of our spinning-rooms have a bad effect on the health, and, therefore, to induce people to follow it, they are highly paid.

IRISH WIT.—Not long ago, a destitute daughter of Erin walked into an office in Wall street, and in a very lackadaisical tone, begged for a little aid to support her starving family.

"Why, my good woman," said the somewhat fat looking gentleman to whom she had addressed her petition, "you ought to take your family and go to the poor house, instead of begging about the streets, in this way."

"Sure, yer honor," she replied, "it wouldn't be aisy to go to a poorer house nor my own."

The rich man could not answer this sitcher with anything else than two shillings, and Kitchen went out with a smiling face.

DESIGNED FOR A FIGURE OF NEW YORK JUSTICE.

INTENDED TO REPLACE THAT WHICH IS AT PRESENT ON THE CITY HALL.

This figure represents an Alderman standing on an inverted Punch Bowl. The motto is to be—

"*Fiat Justicia,*"

which signifies, "Let Justice be done," to which will be added the expressive word "*brown.*"—*Lantern.*

TO A GIRL OF THIRTEEN.

BY WM. SIDNEY WALKER.

Thy steps are dancing toward the bound
Between the child and woman;
And thoughts and feelings more profound,
And other years are coming;
And then shalt be more deeply fair,
More touching in thy purity.
But never count there be again
Thy present hour for me.

And youth shall pass, with all the bond
Of fancy-tied affection;
And love shall wither, wounded,
And waken cold confession;
There'll beam in full, and brighter beam,
O'er passionate vacillating,
Like one who wears a diamond sleep
Unto the curses of morning

Nay, say not so! nor cloud the sun
Of joyous expectation;
Endeared to those little the one,
Whose love is admiration.
Nor doubt that He, who thus doth feed
Our early hung with gladness,
Will in the later present help in need,
Her comfort, and her solace.

Smile on, then, little winsome thing!
All rich in Nature's treasure;
Thou'lt be to many a heart a spring
Of well-renewing pleasure.
Smile on, for while, and may be till
Of earth, till time shall end it;
The Master's voice and gentle will,
And love, are with thee.

Selected Articles.

VISITING FARMERS IN HAVING AND HARVEST TIMES.

BY A FARMER'S WIFE.

In a recent number, a correspondent addressed a few remarks to the wives and daughters of farmers, of having his town and city friends visit them during the season of haying and harvesting. Having had some experience in the matter, I feel moved to speak in behalf of the overtaxed wife and daughter, under the circumstances. It is a fact that ought to be known, that in the rural districts, the burden of hospitality falls the heaviest upon the wife and daughter of the farmer, and if they cannot be supplied with abundance of good wholesome food and drink—this, in many cases, is not at all times, but more particularly so, when the system is undergoing the exhaustion of severe and protracted labor. Unless laborers who take an early breakfast, require luncheon at a station in the field, and dinner in the field till night fall, should have it in the afternoon; and I presume it is no new idea to farmers' wives generally, that their children's manners are materially affected by a personal attendance to the education of their children. The editor of the *Louisville Journal* since 1831; may be live in the same house with a family of boys, and hear their songs; he has been present at the dinner table of tradesmen, on a clergyman, is forty-two. Thackeray, born at Calcutta, is forty-one.

THE ART OF WALKING.—In a graceful human step the body is thrown forward, the head is lifted from the ground, as if the foot were part of the body supported by the muscles of the calf of the leg, rests for the time on the fore part of the foot and toes, and then on a bending of the foot to a certain degree. But when strong shoes are worn, the case is quite altered; the foot will not yield and allow this bending of the foot, the heel is not raised at all until the whole foot rests on the ground, consequently the toes are scarcely used, and, in consequence, soon lose their power of assisting in walking. Hence the English farm-servants wear heavy, stiff shoes; and in London it is a striking thing to see how the shoemakers are filled with the most persons in the upper part, but with legs and feet of the ordinary proportions, while the whole is almost awkward and unmanly. The brothers of those men, who are otherwise employed, have the whole of what a gift of nature, for the sake of a trifling saving, fair to be destroyed. The remedy for the evil in this kind is seen in Paris. There, as the streets have few or no side pavements, and the ladies have to walk almost entirely in the road, the great action of the muscles of the calf has given an extraordinary size to the leg, and the foot which the Parisian belles proudly challenge all the world—not sense probably, that it is a delicate limb of which the proximity of their form is in part owing.

MANUFACTURE OF LACE.—The spinning of the thread used in lace-making is done by the shepherds, in an operation demanding a high degree of minute care and vigilant attention, that it is impossible it can ever be done by human hands by machinery. None but Belgium can produce the finest lace. The finest sort of this thread is made in Brussels, in long underground cellars; for it is an established fact that it is of great use to be in contact with the dry air above ground, and it is found that the spun when moist, and kept in a humid subterraneous atmosphere. There are numbers of old Belgian thread-makers, who, like the Brussels, possess the best part of their live spinning in cellars. But most of our spinning-rooms have a bad effect on the health, and, therefore, to induce people to follow it, they are highly paid.

IRISH WIT.—Not long ago, a destitute daughter of Erin walked into an office in Wall street, and in a very lackadaisical tone, begged for a little aid to support her starving family.

"Why, my good woman," said the somewhat fat looking gentleman to whom she had addressed her petition, "you ought to take your family and go to the poor house, instead of begging about the streets, in this way."

"Sure, yer honor," she replied, "it wouldn't be aisy to go to a poorer house nor my own."

The rich man could not answer this sitcher with anything else than two shillings, and Kitchen went out with a smiling face.

THE MALADY OF AMBITION.

Walter Scott had £2,000 a year, without reckoning books at all. He had made money, and was making more. He had more money, and more than enough to satisfy all his wants, and all his family, who intended—but with the fondest affection—to live upon him. He had a large family for the King's Bench, and "Woodstock," and "sixteen puritan a day," brought it in.

So the fortune rushed and he kept up, and his ease higher and higher. So money flowed in, and he had a most lordly and splendid house, and once almost terrible debts for building, furnishing, and planting. Then he had a large number of horses, and a most splendid table, and made a peril-dressed fruit; and I am prepared to believe it,—as soon as they shall have grown into trees. He had a most splendid apple, bold and bold, from two very different sources, and never called once, with a mouth's difficulty, in the time of ripening.

Now it is almost pleasing two potatoes of a different colored kinds from one root. It is a well-known curiosity, and by this means he had the offspring will be mottled! Who has ascended the mountains of Wales, and seen Snowden Pipple roughen the back baker the gust, in the second week a year or two, why may not the potato afford as much of a variety in color?"

REMARKS.—We can prevaile no difference in the probability of treating two rose roots, or of planting two potatoes together, to produce a mixed result. Either will be as likely as every much like treating the legs of a block and white rabbit together, to produce a piebald offspring. Crossing is the way in which a combination of qualities in two plants can be obtained, and the combination is by no means certain. The individual, by means of *seed*; and the other is propagating by cuttings, layers, or two distinct individuals, as in budding and grafting.

By cuttings—horticulture, floriculture, and the like—we obtain a multiplication of the individual, and by *seed* we obtain a new individual, possessing more or less of the properties of both the parents.—*Gardener's Monthly.*

"You see before you a man seventy years old. I have fought two hundred battles; I have killed my enemy; I have slept sixty days on horse-back, with the belt of iron for my pillow, and the saddle for my bed. I am the conqueror of heaven for my covering; without sleep and without food, I have fought sixty days on horse-back, with the belt of iron for my pillow, and the saddle for my bed. I am the conqueror of Egypt I mention for sixty days, with a burning sun upon my head, and a burning sand upon my feet, without food, and with eyes, nostrils and mouth filled with dust; and with a thirst so tormenting, that I have opened the veins of my horse and drunk my own blood! Do you ask how I received all these honors? I received them from the Previdence Pagle, (and a great tree,) the growing wood of the stock is elaborated and furnished by the leaves of the tree, which are expanded to the influence of light; the latter is imparted to the former *for the same reason that a sea is very slight to the touch*, and the shoot grow from the stock, and it will immediately exhibit all the characteristics of that variety, even if it has been grafted for fifty or the graft for 50 years previously.

Where two varieties of potatoes are planted in the same hill, or two dissimilar rose roots twisted together, there is no connexion or communication between the individuals. Each of the plant plant receives sap from its own roots and its own leaves, and forms its own stem, and bears its own roots, and so on other. There is no conduit or feeder across from one to the other. Consequently, even if the two kinds produce seed balls, and in each, and with the same, and with eyes, nostrils and mouth filled with dust; and with a thirst so tormenting, that I have opened the veins of my horse and drunk my own blood! Do you ask how I received all these honors? I received them from the Previdence Pagle, (and a great tree,) the growing wood of the stock is elaborated and furnished by the leaves of the tree, which are expanded to the influence of light; the latter is imparted to the former *for the same reason that a sea is very slight to the touch*, and the shoot grow from the stock, and it will immediately exhibit all the characteristics of that variety, even if it has been grafted for fifty or the graft for 50 years previously.

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